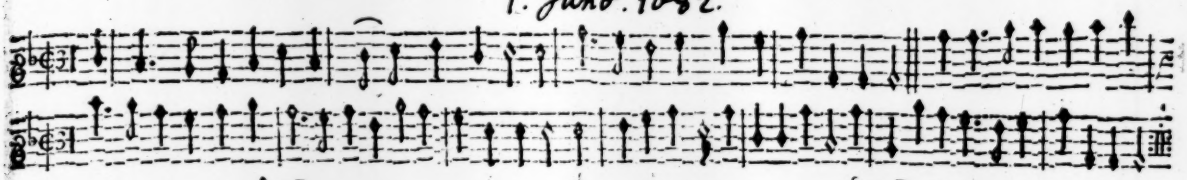
The TORY BALLAD

ON

Their Royal Highneſſes Return from Scotland.

To the Tune of, *The Prince of* Orange's *Delight.*

1. June. 1682.



[1]

ROom, room for *Cavaliers*, bring us more Wine,
His Highneſs is Landed, about with the Glaſs;
The *Brimigham*-piece is but Counterfeit Coyn,
Yet fain for good Sterling amongſt us wou'd paſs.
Hey *Bowman*, more Wine,
Fill up to the Brim;
While *Zealots* repine
We'll frolick and ſing;
For *Oats* is confounded,
That Turn-coated *Round-head*;
Then let us be *Loyal*, and True to our KING.

[2]

A little Old Conjurer threw ſo much Braſs,
And Pewter and Copper amongſt the True Coyn,
That hardly a Peny of Money can paſs,
But what is Clipt, Plated, or waſh'd very fine;
But thine Boy, and mine,
Bears the ſtamp of the KING;
Then let's have more Wine,
While good Money we bring;
John Thum is confounded, John Starkey
That Brazen-fac'd *Round-head*;
Then let us be *Loyal*, and True to our KING.

[3]

With ſuch a Bold, Impudent and Brazen-face
They'd paſs for true Mettle, although but waſh'd o'r;
The KING's Stamp and Image they only diſgrace,
As they did their Lord and Creator's before;
But thine Boy, and mine,
Bears the ſtamp of the KING,
Then let's have more Wine,
While good Money we bring;
For *Care* is Confounded, Henry Care
That Schiſmatick *Round-head*;
Then let us be *Loyal*, and True to our KING.

[4]

Yet (what is moſt noted) theſe *Brimigham* Elves,
To bear the True ſtamp are ſo brazen'd with Art,
That they wou'd have nothing to paſs but themſelves,
Although they're but Copper and Gaul at the heart.
But thine Boy, and mine,
Bears the ſtamp of the KING,
Then let's have more Wine,
While good Sterling we bring;
For *Dick* is confounded, Richd Janeway
That Libelling *Round-head*,
Then let us be *Loyal*, and True to our KING.

[5]

They call themſelves *Loyal*, nay more, love the King,
Yet Royaliſts *Tory* and *Papiſt* miſ-call;
And rail at all thoſe who ſtand up for the Thing,
With *L'Eſtrange*, *Heraclitus* and *Thompſon*, and all:
'Gainſt theſe the Slaves
Their Libels they ſing;
Yet they are the Knaves,
That do Libel the KING;
But *Langley's* confounded, Langley Curtis.
That Pamphletting *Round-head*;
Then let us be *Loyal*, and True to our KING.

[6]

Thus *Brimigham* ſtill the Stamp Royal rebukes,
With Brazen-fac'd Impudence guilded ſo fine,
Who hates the KING's Picture as well as the Duke's,
And loves it in nothing, unleſs in his Coyn;
But let him ſtill paſs
For a counterfeit Thing,
About with the Glaſs,
And merrily ſing;
For *Ben's* confounded, Benjamin Harris.
That Pillory'd *Round-head*;
Then let us be *Loyal*, and True to our KING.

[7]

To the KING and the QUEEN, fill it it up to the Top,
The D and the Dutcheſs, whom Heav'n has reſtor'd;
And next, *Hans in Kelder*, the Royal Blew-Cap;
To all the TRUE Iſſue, and each LOYAL LORD:
Crown every Glaſs,
Fill 'em up to the Brim:
About let 'em paſs,
While we merrily ſing;
For *Baldwin's* confounded, Rich. Baldwyn.
That impudent *round-head*;
Then let us be *Loyal*, and True to our KING.

[8]

To brave ALBEMARL the next we'l purſue,
With *Worſter* and *Clarendon*, *Seymour*, and *Halifax*
To all to their KING, and their Countrey are True,
Who *Loyalty* love, and confound the *Caball*.
If *Monarchy* ſhine,
And BOWMAN but bring
Good ſtore of briſk Wine,
We'll make the *Dog* ring;
For *TONY's* confounded, Ld Shaftsbury.
That *Spigoted Round-head*;
Then let us be *Loyal*, and True to our KING.

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